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A

POEM

ON THE

RESTORATION OF LEARNING

IN

THE EAST;

WHICH OBTAINED

MR. BUCHANAN's PRIZE.

BY

CHARLES GRANT, Esq. M. A.

FELLOW OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

NEC REMORANTUR IBI; SIC RERUM SUMMA NOVATUR SEMPER.—— *LUCRETIUS.*

SALEM:

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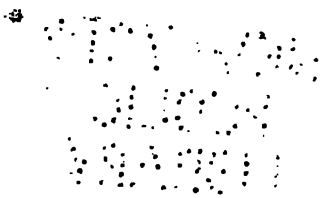

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reverend CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, Vice Provost of the College of Fort William in Bengal, and formerly a Member of Queen's College, Cambridge, where he proceeded to the Degree of B. A. gave to the University, in 1804, the Sum of Two HUNDRED and TEN POUNDS; desiring that it might be divided into the undermentioned Prizes.

1. ONE HUNDRED POUNDS for an ENGLISH PROSE DISSERTATION, "On the best Means of civilizing the Subjects of the British Empire in India; and of diffusing the Light of the Christian Religion throughout the Eastern World."

2. SIXTY POUNDS for an ENGLISH POEM, "On the Restoration of Learning in the East."

3. TWENTY FIVE POUNDS for a LATIN POEM on the following subject: "Collegium Bengalense."

4. TWENTY FIVE POUNDS for a GREEK ODE on the following subject: "ΓΕΝΕΣΘΩ ΦΩΣ."

ARGUMENT.

1. The *first* part of the poem describes the degraded state of Hindoo literature during the latter part of the last century. The shocks which learning sustained from the persecuting bigotry of Aurungzebe, the irruption of Nadir Shah, and the intestine divisions to which that irruption gave rise, are particularly noticed.

2. A transition is then made to the ancient splendor of Hindoo literature during the period when India was governed by her native kings. The earliest age of authentic Indian history is brought into review; some account is given of the poetry and philosophy of Vyasa, which distinguished succeeding times; and this part closes with a reference to the last brilliant era of India, when the poet Calidasa flourished.

3. *Lastly*, The revival of learning on the banks of the Ganges, under the auspices of the English, and particularly of the Asiatic Society, is celebrated. The poem concludes with anticipating the diffusion of the arts, the sciences, and the religion of Great Britain, throughout the East.

ON THE

RESTORATION OF LEARNING

IN

THE EAST.

Nec remorantur ibi ; sic rerum summa novatur
Semper.———

" SHALL these bright hours of rapture roll away,
" And mournful years their gloomy wings display?
" These beauteous realms shall tyrant War deface,
" And fierce Oppression crush my favour'd race?"
Thus Ganges' Genius spoke, while yet, sublime
With Arts and Muses, smil'd his native clime,
And, rich with Science, round the plains he lov'd,
The golden hours in blooming circle mov'd.
With grief he saw the future ages rise,
Dark with their sad and fearful destinies;
Mark'd bleeding Science pinion'd to the ground,
And all her blasted trophies withering round!

With grief he saw, through Time's unfolding shade,
The fated chiefs in India's spoils array'd,
The might of Cassim, either Mahmud's sword,
And firm Cothbeddin, Delhi's earliest lord;
Stern Taimur, and th' imperial thrones that tower
O'er groaning Mathra and the walls of Gour.
Nor, midst that brood of blood, a fiercer name
Than Aurungzebe th' indignant eye could claim,
More bold in act, in council more refin'd,
A form more hateful, or more dark a mind.
Skill'd to deceive, and patient to beguile
With sleepless efforts of unwearied toil,
His youth he shrouds in consecrated bowers,
Where prayer and penance lead the hermit hours;
Yet not to him those bowers their sweets impart,
The mind compos'd, smooth brow, and spotless heart;
No sun-bright visions with new hues adorn
Eve's purple cloud, or dewy beams of morn;
But Fancy wakes for him more grim delights,
War's imag'd pomp, and Murder's savage rites,
And, like the Genius of some nightly spell,
Peoples with shapes accurs'd the wizard cell:
Keen Hate, Revenge, Suspicion's arrowy glare,
And all the blood-stain'd joys of Guilt are there:

Thus, by fell visions rous'd, th' usurper springs
Fierce from his lair, to lap the blood of kings.
Go, count thy spoils, thy trophies grim rehearse,
Three brothers murder'd, and a father's curse:
Go, rear the musnud o'er the gasping mound
Of trampled hosts, while India weeps around:
On Hindoo shrines thy bigot fury pour,
And quench the darts of sharp Remorse in gore.
'Tis done. Lo, Persecution lights from far
Her streaming fires, and terrors worse than war!
Where mystic hymnings aw'd the midnight air,
Strange sounds, that breathe or that inflict despair,
Are heard. The despot, thron'd in blood, presides
O'er havock's work, and all the ruin guides.
As from the realms that own stern Yama's[1] sway,
Some fierce Asura rushes to the day;
While swift his wheels divide the deeps on high,
The clouds, like wreaths of foam, around them fly:
Wide as he glares, his eyeballs scatter woe,
And terror lightens from his clanging bow.
Alas! how dark the baleful ruins spread!
What filial tears the sons of Science shed!

(1) YAMA is the judge of Hell. The ASURAS, or evil Genii, are under his dominion.

While in each bower the widow'd Arts repine,
And Learning clasps her violated shrine.
Sad on his staff, mid Casi's[1] blasted scenes,
Himself how fallen! the aged Pandeet[2] leans,
Exalts th' insulted Vedas[3] high in air,
And prays, and pours his soul into the prayer:
" Say why, Narayen,[4] while thy votary weeps,
" Thus wrapt in dumb repose thy thunder sleeps?
" Oh, where that arm, with countless trophies crown'd,
" In heaven's dread lists o'er vanquish'd gods renown'd;
" Whose vengeance dash'd proud Rahu's[5] impious crest,
" And tore, with lion[6] fangs, the tyrant breast?"

. . . . . .

(1) CASI is a name of Benares, the principal seat of Hindoo learning.

(2) PANDEET is a Hindoo doctor or professor of learning.

(3) The VEDAS are the sacred books of the Hindoos, and are supposed to have been promulgated by Brahma at the creation. They are few in number, and were first reduced to writing by Vyasa, a celebrated sage, (mentioned in a succeeding part of the poem) about 1100 B. C. It seems to be now agreed that the fourth Veda is of a much later date than the other three.

(4) NARAYEN, or VISHNU, is the second person of the Hindoo Triad, which is composed of Brahma, Vishnu, and Sceva. VISHNU means 'THE PRESERVER;' and he is said to have frequently become incarnate, for the purpose of rescuing his worshippers from oppression.

(5) RAHU was one of the Asoors, who, in order to drink the AMOREET or nectar, assumed the shape of a good Genius, but was slain by Vishnu.

(6) The fourth descent of the Deity incarnate, in Hindoo mythology, was in a form half lion, half man, for the destruction of a tyrant rajah.

In vain, O sage, thou weep'st thy country's fate:
E'en now new woes her wasted plains await.
'Tis ever thus—one ravage urges more;
Warriors, like vultures, track the scent of gore.
Still fight to fight, to battle battle leads,
Still conqueror to conqueror succeeds;
While states unwounded long remain secure;
A bleeding empire is resistless lure.

[1] Hark! 'tis a voice on Meshed's[2] holy walls.
His fierce Afshars[3] impetuous Nadir calls.
From Gebal's mountains, whose rude summits shade
Nohavend's[4] dark and melancholy glade;
From fragrant Persis, gemm'd with orient flowers;
From Seistan's mines of gold and palmy bowers;
From thirsty Kerman, and Balsara's strand,
Where Susa's lawns to western suns expand,

. . . . . .

(1) The following lines give a general sketch of the route of Nadir's conquests.

(2) MESHED means "the tomb of martyrs." It is the capital of Khorassan, and was the city from which Nadir first went forth to conquest by his own authority, and which he made the principal seat of government.

(3) AFSHARS, the tribe to which Nadir belonged.

(4) NOHAVEND, the scene of the last decisive battle, which lasted for three days, between the Persians and Arabs, and terminated the empire of the former, in the seventh century.

Swells the disastrous sound to Media's vales,
Where health on Tabriz[1] breathes with all her gales;
To wild Araxes' yet untam'd career,
And Teflis, to the nymphs of Georgia dear.
Thy sons, Shirvaun, have heard on Bacu's shore,
And Derbend's[2] iron barrier frowns no more;
While the proud Russ,[3] on Neva's banks aghast,
Starts at the echoes of the distant blast.
Back the dread echoes roll through climes of day;
Kings shrink to dust, and armies fade away:
High Candahar, on eastern ramparts bold,
Imperial Gazni, seat of monarchs old,
Cower at the peal; astonish'd Cabul yields,
Lahore recoils through all her floating[4] fields.
Ah! be the shadows deep on Karnal's[5] meads,
There, there the towering pride of Delhi bleeds.
But e'en when, far from India's ravag'd wastes,
To other deaths impatient Nadir hastes,

. . . . . .

(1) TABRIZ or TAURIS, remarkable for the purity of its air. Its name imports that it can never be infected by any contagious disorder.

(2) The ancient CASPIÆ PORTÆ, called by the Turks, THE GATE OF IRON.

(3) The Russians sent an embassy to Nadir.

(4) LAHORE is watered by the five branches of the Indus, and is thence called PANJAB.

(5) KARNAL, thirty leagues from Delhi. Here was fought the decisive battle between Nadir and Mahommed the Mogul emperor.

Still social war, in gloomy wrath array'd,
Succeeds the fury of the Persian blade;
As when the lightning rush'd along the wind,
Touch'd by its stroke, the mountain flames behind;
From realm to realm the howl of havock swells,
As lawless rage or rebel pride impels.
Beneath th' usurper's frantic sceptre bow'd,
How droop thy hallow'd vales, romantic Oude!
Bahar wears mournfully the servile chains;
And tyranny o'erwhelms fair Hoogley's plains.
Ah, beauteous Cashmere,[1] love's enchanting vale!
What new Abdallah[2] shall thy woes bewail?
In vain thy snowy mountains, swelling round,
For Peace alone would guard the holy ground:

. . . . . .

(1) The Vale of CASHMERE is the favourite theme of profuse panegyric with all Eastern authors and travellers. It is called the Paradise of the East. Among other excellencies, it was famous for the beauty of its inhabitants, for its plane-trees and roses. Before the Mahommedan conquest of India, it was celebrated for the learning of its Bramins. In the dismemberment of the Mogul empire, it fell into the hands of the Afghans (1754). Mr. Foster, who travelled there in 1782, describes it as in the most wretched state. The wit, gaiety, and virtues of the inhabitants have declined with their commerce and prosperity. At the time Mr. Foster saw it, it was suffering the severest atrocities from the Afghar governor, who seems to have been one of the most abominable savages that ever oppressed any country. See *Foster's Travels*, Vol. I. Also *Bernier's Travels*.

(2) A celebrated Persian poet, who died A. D. 1520.

Oh, once for thee the rosy-finger'd Hours
Wove wreaths of joy in Pleasure's echoing bowers;
Once round thy limpid stream and scented grove,
The haunts of Fancy, Freedom lov'd to rove;
And, moulded by the hand of young Desire,
Thy daughters shone amid the virgin choir:
Not fair Circassia touch'd her blooming race
With tints so tender of impassion'd grace;
With all their glances wove such artless wiles,
Or breath'd such brightness round their angel smiles.
Ah! at the tyrant's frown those beauties die;
Fled is the smile, and sunk the speaking eye:
Nor harp nor carol warbles through the glade,
Nor pensive love-notes soothe the plane-tree shade;
But the steel'd savage revels in thy woes,
And round his temples twines thy brightest rose.
Science and Learning deck thy scenes no more,
But heavily some safer spot explore:
Yet not to Varanasi's[1] lov'd retreat
The exiles bend their melancholy feet:
There, too, the ruffian spear and step profane,
From shrines long cherish'd, scare the sister train.

(1) An ancient name of Benares.

Through every shade the horror rolls around,
And war-worn India bleeds at every wound:
Indignant Learning droops her blasted head,
Her noblest worthies mingled with the dead;
No more to awful thought the soul aspires,
But grief extinguishes the Muse's fires:
No more, while all her listening groves rejoice,
Enraptur'd Wisdom lifts th' instructing voice;
Nor Knowledge gives her philosophic eye
To read the blazing wonders of the sky;
Unmark'd the stars of morn or evening glow,
And suns unnotic'd arch the showery bow:
A dumb despair weighs down the Arts sublime,
And Taste and Genius fly the sadden'd clime.

Ill fated India! yet thy plains have known
The sage's voice, and harp's enraptur'd tone;
Oft have thy proud pagodas heard the sound
Of hallow'd minstrelsy, wide warbling round;
And Learning's footsteps printed every vale,
Where Jumna's waves their long-lost joys bewail.
E'en when thy towers confess'd the tyrant's pride,
Thy native arts the Moslem spear defy'd;

Oft, as it gleam'd around, from age to age
The smile of Learning sooth'd the battle's rage ;
Oft, while the sceptre grac'd some milder name,
Thy gladden'd Genius sprung to ancient fame.
Though fain the song thy varying fates would trace,
And tell the triumphs of thy subject race ;
What arts reviving mark'd each glorious reign ;
What poets wak'd the tributary strain ;
What thoughts divine, and Fancy's glancing ray,
Consol'd the rigours of a foreign sway ;
More pleas'd, the Muse to earlier years ascends,
And o'er the steps of kings and sages bends,
Thy native kings and sages all thy own,
Wise in the grove, or mighty on the throne.
Where Time remote his shadowy troop displays,
She hears the voices of departed days :
Age, blest with all that life or decks or cheers,
Refines, instructs, ennobles, soothes, endears.
Then rose the triple Ramas,[1] names ador'd,
To wield alike the sceptre and the sword.

(1) Of the three RAMAS, two were universally allowed to be AVATARS, or incarnations of the Deity ; and the third was also supposed to be so. The most celebrated is RAMA CHAUDRA, (though they ALL probably represent but one hero) a great legislator and conqueror. His age is fixed by Sir W. Jones 3800 years ago. It was the era of universal improvement.

Then thought Gautami,[1] India's peerless boast,
Bright leader of the philosophic host :
Though ages interpos'd their dark'ning flight,
His distant beams illum'd the Stagirite.
Then Science smil'd on man, and for his use
Arts intricate unveil'd, and lore abstruse ;
Learning with all her stores enrich'd his mind ;
Mild laws his will corrected, not confin'd ;
Astronomy her high career begun,
And bade him rise from earth, to watch the sun ;
To purify with pity and with dread,
Sage Tragedy her moral lesson spread ;
And History[2] round her curious glances cast,
And to the future reason'd from the past ;
While Valmic's[3] epic song, with heavenly art
Inspir'd, dilated all the gen'rous heart.

(1) Probably the most ancient founder of a philosophical school. The following lines refer to a tradition mentioned by Sir W. Jones, that " among other " Indian curiosities, which Callisthenes transmitted to his uncle (Aristotle), was " a technical system of logic, &c." supposed to be Gautami's, and perhaps the foundation of the Aristotelian method. Sir W. Jones spells it GÓTAMA, with the accent on the first syllable. The accent is here transferred, to render the word more agreeable to English ears. It is also spelt GAUTAMI.

(2) No histories are extant, written in any part of India, except Cashmere.

(3) One of the two great poets of India. He wrote an epic poem on the exploits of Rama, and is said to have been the first composer of Sanscreet verse.

Nor less inspir'd and bold, in later time
Flow'd the full melody of Sanscreet rhyme,
Which tells what hosts on Kirket's[1] plains engag'd;
What ruthless wars fraternal chieftains wag'd.
Here the fierce Kooroos all their thunders pour;
Bheem's dreadful shell, and Bheeshma's lion roar:
There Pandoo's sons their favour'd ranks expand,
The fiery gandeev[2] bends in Arjun's[3] hand.
Lo, gods and demigods, a countless throng,
Blaze in the verse, and swell the pomp of song.
High Casi's groves the rapt'rous measures hail,
And distant calpas[4] kindle at the tale.

. . . . . .

(1) The following passage will be best explained by a general note. The other great epic poet of India, besides Valmic, was Vyasa. He wrote an epic poem, called The Mahabbarat. Of this poem Mr. Wilkins has translated an episode, called, The Bhagvat Geeta, or episode of Bhagvat or Crishna, another name for Vishnu. The episode describes the preliminaries to a dreadful battle fought near Delhi, between the Kooroos and Pandoos, two great collateral branches of the same family. The Pandoos were successful. The Bhagvat Geeta is considered as too sacred for common readers, and is said to contain all the mysteries of Hindooism. It certainly abounds with sublime passages.

(2) The GANDEEV was Arjun's bow.

(3) ARJUN, one of the Pandoos, was the favourite and pupil of Crishna, who acted as his charioteer in this battle.

(4) A CALPA is a day of Brahma.

Such was thy strain, Vyasa,[1] saint and sage,
Th' immortal Berkeley of that elder age.
Like him, with flames of holiest rapture fir'd,
To thoughts sublime thy daring mind aspir'd,
And, nature opening to thy ardent glance,
Saw God alone through all the vast expanse.
Mysterious theme! Beneath the peipal[2] shade,
His aged limbs the reverend Brahmin laid;
Full on his brow the holy ointment glow'd,[3]
The snow-white zennar[4] o'er his shoulder flow'd;
The pointed cusa[5] deck'd his green retreat,
And Ganges' billow kiss'd his sacred feet:

. . . . . .

(1) VYASA was not only a poet. He founded the most celebrated philosophical school in India, called the Vedanti School; of which the principal tenet is that so ably recommended to his countrymen by the celebrated Bishop Berkeley; viz. "That matter exists only as it is perceived."

N. B. It should be mentioned, that the Hindoos represent Valmic and Vyasa as cotemporaries. Sir W. Jones is decidedly of a contrary opinion, and places Vyasa in the eleventh century before the Christian era. There is a very ingenious essay in the Asiatic Researches, by Mr. Bentley, in which an able attempt is made to reconcile these opposite opinions.

(2) The sacred fig-tree.

(3) The Brahmins paint a streak of yellow ochre on their foreheads: some sects horizontally, and others perpendicularly.

(4) The ZENNAR is the sacred thread worn by Brahmins.

(5) The CUSA is the most sacred species of grass.

Serene he view'd the laughing scenes around,
Bright Magadh's vales with floating chawla[1] crown'd,
The sunshine calm on Casi's turrets shed,
And clouds reposing on Heemala's head;
Then, all entranc'd, recall'd his wand'ring eye,
And fix'd the gather'd beams on Deity:
From height to height his musing spirit soar'd,
And speechless thought[2] th' unutter'd name ador'd:
Till words unconscious flowing from his tongue,
He swell'd the strain, and mystic measures sung.

" 'Tis all delusion: Heaven and earth and skies,
" But air-wove images of lifeless dyes.
" He only lives—Sole Being—None beside—
" The Self-existing, Self-beatify'd:
" All else but wakes at Maya's[3] fairy call;
" For All that is, is not; or God is All.
" Stupendous Essence! obvious, yet unknown;
" For ever multiply'd, for ever One.
" I feel thee not, yet touch on every side;
" See not, yet follow where thy footsteps guide;

(1) Chawla, the Indian name of rice.

(2) The Om, or name of the Deity, never to be uttered but in silence.

(3) Maya, or Delusion; supposed to be a Goddess sprung from Brahma.

" Hear not thy voice, yet own its mystic power
" In breathing silence of the midnight hour.
" Oh, what art thou? since all this bursting scene,
" Unnumber'd isles, and countless waves between:
" This fabric huge, on floating pillars rais'd,
" With suns and fiery elements emblaz'd;
" And thy own pedma,[1] roseate flower of light,
" Emblem and cradle of Creative Might;
" Live only on thy sleepless eye reclin'd,
" Embosom'd deep in the abyss of Mind.
" Close but th' all-seeing Mind, no splendor burns;
" Unfold, and all the Universe returns.
" Oh, what art thou? and what this darkling ray,
" Whose sadden'd lustre mourns in shrines of clay?
" Sprung from thyself, tho' quench'd in human frame,
" Faint emanation of th' Eternal Flame.
" Oh, fade these scenes, where phantom beauty glows,
" And bid th' uncumber'd soul on Thee repose;

. . . . . .

(1) PEDMA, the sacred name of the LOTOS; an object of supreme veneration in all the mythological systems of the East, especially in that of the Hindûs. Brahma is said to have been born in a lotos, when he created the world. It was regarded also as an emblem of the creative power. " This plant (says Mr. Knight) being productive of itself, and vegetating from its own matrice, without being fostered in the earth, was naturally adopted as the symbol of the produc-

" Expanse how dread, immeasurable height,
" Depth fathomless, and prospect infinite."
Yet whence this progress of the Sage's mind,
Beyond the bounds by Nature's hand assign'd?
Whence, every form of vulgar sense o'erthrown,
Soars the rapt thought, and rests on God alone?
[1] Perhaps, by smooth gradations, to this end
All systems of belief unconscious tend,
That teach, the infinite of nature swarms
With Gods subordinate, through endless forms,
And every object, useful, bright, malign,
Of some peculiar is the care or shrine.
Ask the poor Hindoo if material things
Exist: he answers, Their existence springs
From Mind within, that prompts, protects, provides,
And moulds their beauties, or their terrors guides.

. . . . . .

tive power of waters, upon which the active spirit of the Creator operated, in giving life and vegetation to matter." Mr. Knight cited by Mr. Maurice; *Indian Antiquities*, vol. 3.

(1) The author has here ventured to propose a conjecture respecting the possible origin of (what is commonly, though inaccurately, termed) the Immaterial Philosophy, from the principles of Polytheism.

Blooms the red flow'ret? Durva[1] blushes there.
Flash lightnings fierce? dread Indra[2] fills the air.
The morning wakes, or high the white wave swells;
That Surya[3] brightens, Ganga[4] this impels.
Thus, in each part of this material scene,
He owns that matter leans on Mind unseen;
And in each object views some God pourtray'd,
This all in all, and that but empty shade;
The Mind extinct, its shadows too must flee,
And all the visible forget to be.
But when the Sage is taught these Gods to deem
The powers personify'd of One Supreme,
He not destroys their functions, but transfers;
Their titles changes, not their characters;
Content, for many, one Great Cause t' adore,
He now terms attributes what Gods before:
Yet still untouch'd that principle retains,
Mind, ever present, in all matter reigns;

. . . . . .

(1) DURVA is the most beautiful species of grass, and supposed to be the residence of a Nymph of the same name. Its flowers, says Sir W. Jones, seen through a lens, are like minute rubies.

(2) The God of the firmament.

(3) The Deity of the Sun.

(4) GANGA is the Goddess of the Ganges, who sprung, like Pallas, from the head of the Indian Jove.

His creed the same, whate'er that Mind he call,
In each imprison'd, or diffus'd through all.
Still of this whole each portion, every hour,
Asks instant energies of local power.
If in himself the Infinite comprise
The varying powers of countless Deities,
Say, should not he, with equal ease as they,
Through objects numberless those powers display?

But turn, my Muse, where softer themes invite,
And lyric measures court to gay delight:
There Jayadeva's[1] mystic transport flows,
And Crishen smiles, and Radha weeps her woes:
Bright o'er the bard, sublime on lory plumes,
Love's youthful God, celestial Cama,[2] blooms:
Sad from his winged throne he bends to hear,
And mingles with the strings a heavenly tear;

(1) The famous lyric poet of India. His age is uncertain, but he lived between Vyasa and Calidasa. He is one of the MYSTIC poets, or those who profess to couch under the most glowing sensual images the sublimest mysteries of religion. His pastoral drama on the Loves of Crishen (Vishan incarnate) and Radha, is translated by Sir William Jones, and is a beautiful composition.

(2) The Hindoo Cupid. He rides on a lory or parrot. Among other appendages, he has five arrows tipped with herbs of a healing quality, and is attended by twelve damsels.

While, sportive at his side, the virgin choir
Float in light measures round the thrilling lyre.
Yet brighter lustres gild Avanti's[1] towers,
Where Vieramadyt[2] sways his subject powers.
See, round his throne what Arts and Graces bow!
What Virtues diadem his godlike brow!
In sacred band, nine hallow'd bards prolong
Unwearied warblings of accordant song:
So move the ninefold spheres[3] their radiant rounds,
With sleepless melodies of angel sounds.
But Fancy chief for Calidasa's Muse
From groves of Indra[4] steals celestial hues,

. . . . . .

(1) The modern Oujein, the capital of the dominions of Scindia, the well known Mahratta chief. It was the first meridian of the Hindoos.

(2) VIERAMADITYA, the most celebrated of Indian kings. He died B. C. 57. His reign forms the era from which the Hindoos calculate. His court was distinguished for nine celebrated poets, called The Nine Gems. Of these, the most eminent was Calidasa, the tragic poet, whose "Fatal Ring" has been translated by Sir W. Jones. The king Dushmanta, and his wife Sacontala, are the principal personages in that composition.

(3) Novem tibi orbibus, vel potius globis, connexa sunt omnia. *Cic. in Som. Scip.* Milton says in his Arcades:

"——when drowsiness
Hath lock'd up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine enfolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears."

(4) INDRA resides in the lower heavens, situated in the north pole. The APSARAS are the damsels of his court.

Hues[1] ever-blooming, with whose blushes sweet
Th' immortal Apsars tinge their snowy feet.
Haste, in sad pomp the tragic scene extend;
Rise, weeping dames, and mailed chiefs ascend;
There let Dushmanta's volant car advance,
And throne dominion on his ample glance;
And there, by Malini's sequester'd stream,
In Love's warm youth let softer virtue gleam,
Now flush'd with smiles, and bright in vernal glow,
Now victim pale of solitary woe.
Is there who knows how Love's soft thrillings burn,
When Hope, half dubious, whispers sweet return?
O'er the flush'd cheek what sudden blushes roll,
When meeting eyes confess the mingling soul?
Is there whose anguish mourns a hopeless fire,
By sighs and tears consum'd of sad desire,
Tears of the heart, that flow in secret there,
And sighs just wak'd and smother'd by despair?
For these ascends the sympathetic strain,
True to the joy, and faithful to the pain;
For these the song shall stream from age to age,
Their raptures kindle, and their griefs assuage.

(1) The hint of this image is borrowed from the "Sacontala, or Fatal Ring."

Hail, happy years! when every lyre was strung,
And every clime with mirth and music rung.
While Asia's voice her Calidasa blest,
Hark! kindred spirits answer'd from the West.
There all his lofty tones Lucretius gave,
And epic transports burst on Mincio's wave,
While rov'd the Matin bee o'er sweetest flowers,
And all Hymettus bloom'd in Tibur's bowers.
Oh, could some God have rent the veil away,
And join'd in one the masters of the lay!
Illustrious names! though breath'd the mutual tone
In distant climes, unknowing and unknown,
Yet haply, by a viewless touch impell'd,
Your choral symphonies responsive swell'd,
And some spher'd seraph, with the song beguil'd,
Lean'd from his rolling orb to hear, and smil'd.

How swift, O India, fled those happy years!
How soon thy palmy glories sunk in tears!
What Muse, unwarm'd, their early bloom can eye,
Or sing their alter'd fates without a sigh?
Such thy sad trophies, War! by thee dismay'd,
The classic Graces fly their cherish'd shade.

Peace still they love, the moonlight hour serene,
Th' unwitness'd musings of some tranquil scene,
Where all is calm and joy, within, around,
No care to ruffle, and no grief to wound.
Oft their bright train, ere yet the war arise,
E'en from its distant rumour shrinks and flies:
So, ere it touch the steel, the solar ray
Plays off from the keen edge, and glides away.
But not alone the trumpet's madding roar
Expell'd the weeping Arts from Ganges' shore;
Lo! nurs'd in Superstition's gloomy bower,
Vice[1] wings with added speed the fatal hour;
Thick and more thick her blighting breath she sheds,
And Learning sickens as the mildew spreads.
For still this sovereign principle we find,
True in the individual as the kind,
Strong links and mutual sympathies connect
The moral powers and powers of intellect;
Still these on those depend by union fine,
Bloom as they bloom, and as they fade, decline.

(1) The inevitable tendency of vice to degrade the faculties of the soul, is most eloquently insisted on by Longinus, in the last section of his celebrated treatise.

Talents, 'tis true, gay, quick, and bright, has God
To virtue oft deni'd, on vice bestow'd;
Just as fond Nature lovelier colours brings
To paint the insect's than the eagle's wings.
But of our souls, the high-born loftier part,
Th' etherial energies that touch the heart,
Conceptions ardent, labouring thought intense,
Creative Fancy's wild magnificence,
And all the dread sublimities of song,
These, Virtue, these to thee alone belong;
These are celestial all, nor kindred hold
With aught of sordid or debasing mould:
Chill'd by the breath of Vice, their radiance dies,
And brightest burns when lighted at the skies;
Like vestal flames, to purest bosoms given,
And kindled only by a ray from heaven.[1]

But, lo! once more return the happy hours;
Learning revisits her forsaken bowers.
To greet her lov'd approach, her chosen band
In joyful ranks unites on Ganges' strand.

(1) The author has been prevented from proceeding to state other causes of the decay of science, from want of time.

'Twas thus of old, when swell'd the rushing Nile
From Nubian hills or Meroe's sun-burnt isle,
At once, with all her priests, an awful train,
Transported Memphis issued on the plain;
The white-rob'd pontiff watch'd the sinking vale,
And wav'd his wand, and bade Osiris hail.
Not with less rapture Learning's votaries burn,
And court her steps, and bless her glad return.
Full in their front, with eye that upward soars,
Apart the mighty Hierophant adores,
Accomplish'd JONES! whose hand to every art
Could unknown charms and nameless grace impart.
His was the soul, by fear nor interest sway'd,
The purest passions, and the wisest head,
The heart so tender, and the wit so true,
Yet this no malice, that no weakness knew;
The song, to Virtue as the Muses dear,
Though glowing chaste, and lovely though severe.
What gorgeous trophies crown his youthful bloom,
The spoils august of Athens and of Rome.
And, lo! untouch'd by British brows before,
Yet nobler trophies wait on Asia's shore:
There, at his magic voice, what wonders rise!
Th' astonish'd East unfolds her mysteries;

Round her dark shrines a sudden blaze he showers,
And all unveil'd the proud Pantheon[1] towers.
Where, half unheard, Time's formless billows glide,
Alone he stems the dim discover'd tide;
Wide o'er th' expanse as darts his radiant sight,
At once the vanish'd ages roll in light.
Old India's Genius, bursting from repose,
Bids all his tombs their mighty dead disclose;
Immortal names! though long immers'd in shade,
Long lost to song, though destin'd not to fade.
O'er all the master of the spell presides,
Their march arranges, and their order guides;
Bids here or there their ranks or gleam or blaze
With hues of elder or of later days.
See, where in British robes sage Menu[2] shines,
And willing Science opes her Sanscreet mines!
His are the triumphs of her ancient lyres,
Her tragic sorrows, and her epic fires;

(1) This alludes to the various elucidations which Sir W. Jones has given of Hindoo mythology, and particularly to his "Essay on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India," (*As. Reg.* vol. 1.) in which the identity of the Deities worshipped in those distant countries is proved with singular skill and precision.

(2) In reference to Sir W. Jones's celebrated translation of "The Institutes of Menu," the great Indian legislator.

Her earliest arts, and learning's sacred store,
And strains sublime of philosophic lore :
Bright in his view their gather'd pomp appears,
The treasur'd wisdom of a thousand years.
Oh, could my verse, in characters of day,
The living colours of thy mind pourtray,
And on the sceptic, midst his impious dreams,
Flash all the brightness of their mingled beams !
Then should he know, how talents various, bright,
With pure Devotion's holy thoughts unite ;
And blush (if yet a blush survive) to see
What genius, honour, virtue, ought to be.
Philosopher, yet to no system tied ;
Patriot, yet friend to all the world beside ;
Ardent with temper, and with judgment bold ;
Firm, though not stern, and though correct, not cold ;
Profound to reason, or to charm us gay ;
Learn'd without pride, and not too wise to pray.
Such, too, was CHAMBERS[1], ever honour'd name !
What needs the Muse to give thy worth to Fame ?
To thee the nymphs of Eastern song display'd
The haunts of Hafiz in the Persian shade,

. . . . . .

(1) Mr. William Chambers.

And early taught thy curious steps to rove
Through Hejaz' bowers or Yemen's odorous grove.
But holier fires illum'd thy favour'd breast,
With arts divine and saintly virtues blest.
Alas! those saintly virtues languish'd here,
And, worn with exile, sought their native sphere.
Nor long a brother's[1] woes bedew'd thy urn,
Too soon by kindred fate forbid to mourn.
Oh, crown'd with learning, and refin'd by art,
The generous mind, the uncorrupted heart!
Still Isis, hallow'd stream! his name reveres,
And British Themis sheds her awful tears.

There, WILKINS, to the sons of Brahma known,
With great Vyasa's triumphs blends his own:
While the dark tales of elder ages lie
Unravell'd to sage WILFORD's classic eye.
Who can forget how DAVIS lov'd to trace,
By ancient sages led, th' etherial space,
What laurels wave round either COLEBROOKE's brow,
O'er CLEVELAND's tomb what sacred sorrows flow,
Or SCOTT's historic wreath, or RENNEL's praise,
Or, studious HAMILTON, thy modest bays,

.....

(1) Sir Robert Chambers.

Or SHORE, to grace and govern empire born,
With laws to strengthen, or with arts adorn,
Friend to the Muse, and by the Muse belov'd,
By Britain honour'd, and by Heaven approv'd!
Nor these alone: But, lo! as WELLESLEY leads,
Rise other names, and a new race succeeds.
Rous'd by his call, the youthful bands aspire
To JONES's learning or to JONES's fire;
In clust'ring ranks the meed of song they claim,
And toil and brighten up the steep of Fame.
Thou too, had Heaven but listen'd to our prayer,
Thou too, MACKENZIE,[1] shouldst have brighten'd there.
Oh, hopes dissolv'd! oh, prospects all decay'd!
Oh, dawn of glory, opening but to fade!
Pleas'd we beheld thy early laurels bloom,
Nor knew they wove a trophy for thy tomb.
By Hoogley's banks, from kindred dust how far!
On thy cold stone looks down the Eastern star.
But still Affection views thy ashes near,
The mould is precious, and that stone is dear:

(1) Lewis Mackenzie, Esq. of the Bengal civil establishment. He died at Calcutta in 1800, just after he had been honoured with a medal for his proficiency in the College lately established there. He was the son of Mr. Mackenzie the celebrated author of "The Man of Feeling."

Her nightly thought surmounts the roaring wave,
And weeps and watches round thy distant grave.
Yet say, why on that dark, eventful day,
That call'd thee from the shores of Thames away,
When friendship's warmth mid parting sorrows burn'd,
Hand press'd in hand, and tear for tear return'd,
Though Hope was there all credulous and young,
Why on thy brow a cheerless shadow hung ?
E'en at that hour did dark forebodings shed
O'er shivering nature some unconscious dread ?
And felt thy heart new wounds of sadness flow,
Prophetic sadness, and a weight of woe ?
How dark, though fleeting, are the days of man !
What countless sorrows crowd his narrow span !
For what is life ? A groan, a breath, a sigh,
A bitter tear, a drop of misery,
A lamp just dying in sepulchral gloom,
A voice of anguish from the lonely tomb.
Or wept or weeping, all the change we know ;
'Tis all our mournful history below.
Pleasure is Grief but smiling to destroy,
And what is Sorrow but the ghost of Joy ?
Oh, haste that hour, whose rustling wings shall play
To warn the shades of guilt and grief away !

Meantime, what dubious contest on those plains
With the faint dawn reluctant Night maintains !
BRITAIN, thy voice can bid the dawn ascend,
On thee alone the eyes of ASIA bend.
High Arbitress ! to thee her hopes are given,
Sole pledge of bliss, and delegate of Heaven ;
In thy dread mantle all her fates repose,
Or bright with blessings, or o'ercast with woes ;
And future ages shall thy mandate keep,
Smile at thy touch, or at thy bidding weep.
Oh ! to thy godlike destiny arise !
Awake and meet the purpose of the skies !
Wide as thy sceptre waves, let India learn
What virtues round the shrine of empire burn ;
Some nobler flight let thy bold Genius tower,
Nor stoop to vulgar lures of fame or power ;
Such power as gluts the tyrant's purple pride,
Such fame as reeks around the homicide.
With peaceful trophies deck thy throne, nor bare
Thy conquering sword, till Justice ask the war :
Justice alone can consecrate renown,
Hers are the brightest rays in Glory's crown ;
All else nor eloquence nor song sublime
Can screen from curse, or sanctify from crime:

Let gentler arts awake at thy behest,
And science soothe the Hindoo's mournful breast.
In vain has Nature shed her gifts around,
For eye or ear, soft bloom or tuneful sound;
Fruits of all hues on every grove display'd,
And pour'd profuse the tamarind's gorgeous shade.
What joy to him can song or shade afford,
Outcast so abject, by himself abhor'd?
While chain'd to dust, half struggling, half resign'd,
Sinks to her fate the heaven-descended Mind,
Disrob'd of all her lineaments sublime,
The daring hope whose glance outmeasur'd time,
Warm passions to the voice of Rapture strung,
And conscious thought, that told her whence she sprung.
At Brahma's stern decree, as ages roll,
New shapes of clay await th' immortal soul;
Darkling, condemn'd in forms obscene[1] to prowl,
And swell the midnight melancholy howl.
Be thine the task, his drooping eye to cheer,
And elevate his hopes beyond this sphere,

(1) The Hindûs of the lowest class firmly believe themselves to be of the same species as the jackals; and are taught, that through eternal transmigrations they shall never rise higher than those animals.

To brighter heavens than proud Sumeeru[1] owns,
Though girt with Indra and his burning thrones.
Then shall he recognize the beams of day,
And fling at once the four-fold chain[2] away;
Through every limb a sudden life shall start,
And sudden pulses spring around his heart;
Then all the deaden'd energies shall rise,
And vindicate their title to the skies.

Be these thy trophies, Queen of many Isles!
On these high Heaven shall shed indulgent smiles.
First, by thy guardian voice to India led,
Shall Truth divine her tearless victories spread;
Wide and more wide the heaven-born light shall stream,
New realms from thee shall catch the blissful theme,
Unwonted warmth the soften'd savage feel,
Strange chiefs admire, and turban'd warriors kneel,
The prostrate East submit her jewell'd pride,
And swarthy kings adore the Crucify'd.
Fam'd Ava's walls MESSIAH's name shall own,
Where haughty splendor guards the Birman throne.

(1) SUMEERU is the mountain on which Indra's heaven is placed.

(2) In allusion to the four castes.

Thy hills, Tibet, shall hear, and Ceylon's bowers,
And snow-white waves that circle Pekin's towers,[1]
Where, sheath'd in sullen pomp, the Tartar lord
Forgetful slumbers o'er his idle sword:
O'er all the plains, where barbarous hordes afar
On panting steeds pursue the roving war,
Soft notes of joy th' eternal gloom shall cheer,
And smooth the terrors of the arctic year;
Till from the blazing line to polar snows,
Through varying realms, one tide of blessing flows.
Then shall thy breath, celestial Peace, unbind
The frozen heart, and mingle mind with mind;
With sudden youth shall slumb'ring Science start,
And call to life each long-forgotten art,
Retrace her ancient paths, or new explore,
And breathe to wond'ring worlds her mystic lore.

Yes, it shall come! E'en now my eyes behold,
In distant view, the wish'd-for age unfold.
Lo, o'er the shadowy days that roll between,
A wand'ring gleam foretells th' ascending scene!

.....

(1) The White River.

Oh, doom'd victorious from thy wounds to rise,
Dejected INDIA, lift thy downcast eyes,
And mark the hour, whose faithful steps for thee
Through Time's press'd ranks bring on the jubilee!

Roll back, ye crowded Years, your thick array,
Greet the glad hour, and give the triumph way.
Hail, First and Greatest, inexpressive name,
Substantial Wisdom, God with God the same!
Oh Light, which shades of fiercest glory veil,
Oh human Essence, mix'd with Godhead, hail!
Powers, Princedoms, Virtues, wait thy sovereign call,
And but for Thee exists this breathing all.
Then shake thy heavens, thou Mightiest, and descend,
While Truth and Peace thy radiant march attend.
With wearied hopes thy thousand empires groan,
Our aching eyes demand thy promis'd throne.
Oh cheer the realms from life and sunshine far!
Oh plant in Eastern skies thy sevenfold star!

Then, while transported ASIA kneels around,
With ancient arts and long-lost glories crown'd,
Some happier Bard, on Ganges' margin laid,
Where playful bamboos weave their fretted shade,

hall to the strings a loftier tone impart,
nd pour in rapturous verse his flowing heart.
tamp'd in immortal light on future days,
hrough all the strain his country's joys shall blaze;
he Sanscreet song be warm'd with heavenly fires,
nd themes divine awake from Indian lyres.

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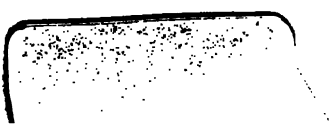
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